

The love of God,

O R,

*Love Divine:*

Being the subject of these ensuing  
Meditations.

Collected out of Mr *Gorings* English Translation,  
originally penned by *Peter Du Moulin*, Prea-  
cher to the Reformed Church in  
P A R I S.

*Digested into Divine Poems by William Wood,*  
*a Native and free Citizen of the Citie of York,*  
*now resident at Ekington in the Countie*  
*of Darby.*



Printed at York by Tho: Broad for the  
Author. 1656.

The Love of God

O. A.

Love Divine

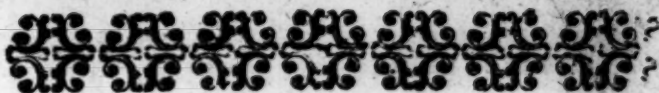
Being the subject of his ending  
Meditations

Collected out of the Works of English Divines  
originally penned by them, and now  
reprinted from the original Church in  
the year 1652.

Printed into Divine Poems by William Wotton  
a Minister and one of the Clergy of York  
and resident at Easington in the County  
of Darby.



Printed in York by Tho: Broad for the  
Author. 1656.



To all that love God, especially the Ma-  
gistracie, Ministry, and Commonalty  
of the Honourable Citie of *Yorke*, and  
famous Town of *Newcastle*  
upon *Tyne*.

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*The Prologue.*

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*York* gave me birth, *Newcastle* gave me breeding,  
Blest be they both, for love, Law, Cloth and feeding.  
Having out-liv'd the years of seventy four,  
So that my seeing sence can see no more  
To Write, or Read, or to discern a Letter,  
Yet still to Heav'n I stand oblig'd a Debter.  
For lack and losse of this my nat'rall sight,  
God gives me better, his internall light,  
As Vnderstanding, Will, and Memory,  
His love to laud, his Name to glorifie.  
My heart bethought me what I ought to render  
For Gods great love, 'twas love for love to render;  
Therefore on love Divine my meditations  
Come next in place, with lovely Contemplations.



To all that love God, especially the  
Glorious Ministry, and Commonalty  
of the Honorable City of York, and  
famous Town of Newcastle  
upon Tyne

The Preface.

YORK gives me birth, I was call'd to my breeding,  
But be they both, for love, I am, both and feeding,  
If anyone how'd the years of youth's long  
So that my living force can be no more  
To write, or read, or to hear, or to see,  
I shall to them, I shall look'd a Doctor  
For lack of love of this my art, will I be,  
O that I could, but this my will is,  
As I am, I am, I am, I am,  
This love to love, this love to love,  
If I heartily thought me what I ought to love,  
For I do love you, I do love you, I do love you,  
I do love you, I do love you, I do love you,  
I do love you, I do love you, I do love you,



*Divine Poems.*

*Of true and false love.*

**L**ove hath her Objects either false or true,  
Which all our spirits restlessly pursue;  
That which is pond'rous here in massive things,  
Love in our souls, the same effect it brings;  
As weight bowes earthly bodies to their rest,  
True love allures our souls to that is best;  
This love is that which gives the soul content,  
Which in esteem is super-excellent;  
Whereas false love is meer imagination,  
Irregular, and wild, and agitation;  
A whirling, gadding, giddy, endlesse motion,  
In true love's lore, which hath no spiritall notion;  
Such is fallacious love, fill'd with this dyes  
Of ill digestion, breedeth much disquiet,  
And's often weary, often doth despair,  
Which is no rest, because tislogg'd with care.  
Desire doth still continue for a fit,  
Like a tir'd horse which often gnawes his bit:  
The most desire the thing they least can do,  
What they obey it often works their woe:  
If we with ease, enjoy that thing we love,  
This we distrust, and often disapprove.  
That which we covet, and achieve with gain,  
The lucre's often lost, proves void and vain.  
For worldly love's resistance sets on fire,  
And nurst with dolor danceth our desire.  
If gazing man shall fix his wandring eye  
On Mundane pleasures, which in hast do flie,

All passe away but as a glimpse of glory,  
 The richest Gem is worthlesse, transitory :  
 Instead of durance, stable, firme content,  
 A Chain of cares turns to his detriment;  
 Linked together for his future woe,  
 For will he, nill he, Providence saith so.  
 The gravest sweets are sometimes sower and tart,  
 Besoole the gulf and satuates the heart :  
 Riches and honour vain, and worldly pleasure  
 Do wast or wain, or's rapt by casuall seizure.  
 Untertain are we of this worlds possession,  
 But sure we are to leave it to succession:  
 If these by casuall means they do not leave us;  
 Death shall at last of all our all bereave us:  
 These are imparted on the wicked train,  
 For no end else, but to augment their pain.  
 Man to expose his love to things below,  
 Is as to chase the wind each where doth blow;  
 For when these things as good may termed be,  
 Thei're frail and finite every hour we see:  
 The mark-man when the fowl in ayre doth flie,  
 Can take no aim by levell of his eye;  
 Nor we assurance have in pomp or pleasure,  
 By our designs to gourmandize base treasure.  
 For we must search for rest some other where  
 Then on the earth, in Heav'n, we're sure, 'tis there.  
 For as the lower Regions in their kind,  
 Are mixt with vapours, tempests, storms and wind,  
 But that approacheth nearer Sions hill,  
 Is calm and quiet, peaceable and still:  
 So shall our love be restless, wanting peace,  
 Whiles terrene troubles cause this love to cease :  
 But if in Heav'n she aim to build her nest,  
 In's precious promises she shall find rest.  
 And for this cause the Pilot close doth stand,  
 Near to the Card, to save from shelf and sand  
 His floating ship, lest that she should be wreck't  
 By needles point, he doth his course direct.

In semblant fort each faithfull Christians heart,  
 Amidst confuse afflictions noisome smart,  
 He shall enjoy those joyes shall never cease;  
 In that his love aims at the God of peace;  
 Which is the onely object of our love,  
 Most absolute, the Saints do all approve.  
 This love can make us lovely, for that she,  
 Can make us happy in a high degree:  
 And which alone, and absolutely can  
 Most happy make the wretched state of man.  
 Man's ear, nor's eye, hath heard, nor seen, nor's heart  
 Can comprehend, what God will hence impart  
 On those in chief sincerely do him love,  
 His speechlesse mercies that's reserv'd above.  
 Gods love doth move mankind to admiration,  
 For that mans soul is made Gods habitation:  
 His pleasant Palace, which he likes full well,  
 His Spirits fair Temple, where he loves to dwell.  
 This Maxime *Athen* Schooles did first ordain,  
 That God or nature nothing made in vain.  
 Mans boundlesse thoughts, surge as the Marine flood,  
 Nothing can fass it but the Supream good,  
 Which here on earth the wisest never found,  
 Must be in Heav'n transcending this vast round.  
 Adde hereunto, that God the world did frame  
 For mans own use, and man to blesse his name.  
 Amongst the various formes of every creature,  
 God made us men according to his feature;  
 In stature formed straight, erect, upright,  
 Lovely and comely in his Makers sight:  
 That he might love his God whose forme he bears,  
 Lift his desires above the Starry spheares.  
 Adde that we cannot gain the Spirits perfection,  
 Untill the Spirit of Spirits unite affection;  
 Which to the creature doth communicate  
 His verue, as the Sun in clearest state  
 Darts forth his beams, and doth his lustre lend.  
 To lower Lights, which do on him depend.

True

True love is that which doth transforme the Lover  
 Into the thing beloved, and no other.  
 Now if a man deformed in his exterior part,  
 Love a corporeall beauty in his heart,  
 No're shall he by that love correct his own  
 Defectiueneſſe, which generally is known.  
 Contrariwiſe, by loving God we ſhall  
 Be like to God, who is our all in all.  
 As in a mirrour plainly we do ſee  
 God face to face, and changed then are we.  
 Of love 'tis ſaid, that beauty is the ſilke  
 Hot ſpark, or flame, that ſets this love on fire,  
 Conſiderately we ſhall diſceip and ſee  
 What we call love, doth nor with truth agree.  
 But ſuch a love that's ſuperficiall,  
 Which covereth filth, is but extrinſicall.  
 But God's that light, all beauties doth excell,  
 Whoſe radiant rayes no mortall tongue can tell,  
 God being then the ſun and pureſt light,  
 Paternally, of ſhining Lamps moſt bright,  
 By conſequence Heav'n's Oracles have proved  
 That he's the light moſt worthy to be loved,  
 Yet humane wiſdome, much doth diſagree  
 With that's Diuine, it hath no ſympathie.  
 For the Philoſophy, that's naturall,  
 With Naturaliſts, is deemed beſt of all.  
 Contrarily the Scriptures do deſcrite,  
 That nat'ral love with heavenly ſights no more.  
 For ſince th at Satan hath deſec'd the image  
 Of God, in *Adam*, and in *Adam's* ſinners,  
 Man's turned towards the world in his deſires,  
 From heay'n to earth, his groveling thought retires.  
 Our carnall thoughts, our Mundane baſe delights,  
 Hold enmity againſt the God of ſpirits.  
 If any one have grace his God to love,  
 The gifts not ours, but God's, that dwells aboves  
 Therefore our Jeſus Chriſt in's Goſpell Law,  
 None comes to him except his Father draw;

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Who not lost in goodness doth transcend,  
 But makes there in that love him to the end  
 Let's be instructed by Gods holy Spirit  
 That's love it self, so shall we have it inherit  
 And which will form our hearts into the frame  
 Of reall love and true love in name  
 Let's be so old as a love corporeall,  
 In love of love that's true and spirittuall  
 An itching love that is impotunt  
 A furious heat our brains in doo'tunt  
 To wit, of vices that's extreme  
 For chief vertue which God's love is  
 A brutish sickness of the heart  
 For a perfect love that's true  
 'Tis double love of him that shall possess  
 Himself, to love his God is one of those  
 Neglects all base and base considerations  
 For serving God with willing inclination  
 Though he in love his works in love  
 He's not dejected, nor disheartened  
 Starts not nor shrinks for all this earth's disdain  
 This worlds harsh hatred brings the endless gain  
 Earths brittle pleasures that's but a vain  
 Do work the weal of them which love their God  
 Evills turn blessings, but in love  
 Whom God shall scourge with stripes corporeall  
 The bodie's sickness proves a special cure  
 Unto the soul, the Magi hold secure  
 Heavens high Phisick by which pain  
 Can cure with poison, that's war with pain  
 His strokes are balm, as holy David's  
 Matter of pain, that's to my pain  
 The passive sufferer meekly bears his Crosse  
 And for Gods cause he's valiant in his Crosse  
 The just sufferings are like scars upon the face  
 And honours gain received in bloody scars

Conformities unto the Captain Christ  
 As Christian soldiers numbered in his list  
 And all through underpropping of this love,  
 Tartness hatch up still that it sweet doth prove;  
 And maketh us entirely to rejoyce,  
~~Some one will say, and therefore doth assent~~  
 The love of God's a virtue excellent;  
 And that to love him we before must know,  
 What is this duty which to him we owe:  
 And that our knowledge here is most obscure,  
 Both dimme and dark, bemist and impure,  
 Yet in no wise we must forbear, for  
 To study knowledge that's before us lies;  
 Our Ignorance must have no toleration,  
 Nor cause neglected in God's negotiation.  
 Of God although our knowledge be but small,  
 It us incites to love him with our all;  
 One glimpse of his most radiant rayes and gleams  
 Exceeds the Sun with his most splendour beames  
 The knowledge, knowing God with darkned sight,  
 Surpasseth nat' rall, and the Graces light;  
 So if a prisoner do in dungeon lie, who  
 And at a chink for a beam of Sun's light,  
 By that he knows the beauty of the light,  
 Which comforteth the silly Captive wight;  
 The petty portion and the mite of Oile  
 In knowing God, whose fullness is his life;  
 For three things his light affords us, that is true  
 Sufficient for our souls to be made new  
 With's excellence, above the Heavens  
 And with his love our souls to enflame  
 His love alone gives cause to bless his name  
 Besides God's knowledge that's made known to us,  
 May savingly sufficient be to many;  
 The debts we owe to God by obligation  
 For's good will in his love, our admiration



Are fully set forth in his Word,  
As sacred Oracles, the same record,  
Which *Paul* the convert, preaching hath not spast,  
But Gods whole Countsell unto us is cast.

And make us thereby to receive  
The first degree of the love of God, to love  
Which be doth so, that he hath made us love  
Both him and dark, be him and bright.

The first degree of the love of God, to love  
Which be doth so, that he hath made us love  
Both him and dark, be him and bright.

**T**he first and lowest step, is, God to love,  
Mercies received, therefore may we move  
On this degree *David* did much rejoyce  
Blessed his God, because he had this voyce  
For so it must be truly and without  
God will be lov'd in that his doct is wrought  
It's God that made, preserves, and doth us guide  
Instructs our souls, for bodies doth provide  
Redeems, by his Son, next by his Spirit  
He sanctifies us, Heaven for us he merit  
Directs us by his Word, him for to serve  
Makes us his friends, and thus he doth us serve  
Yea, ev'n a his children with himself all day  
Such love like this as yet was ever new  
Plote in his blind way, so Godignus he  
For three things, which he hath made us love  
First, making him no Beasts, but man, his Son  
Next, born a *Hebrew*, and not *Barbarous*  
Yet to his lustre more to make it shine  
He termed was *Philosopher Divine*  
We that in *quaint* Schools have been instructed  
In better wayes of prayse have been instructed  
His name of us ought to be to be  
For three things, likewise which are here exprest.



# Dewy River

69

First, that in mercy men he did make,  
 Next, that of holy unsh we do partake  
 Thirdly, 'mongst these who Christians called are  
 He makes us faithful on earth though his own part is rare  
 A fourth, that by his own decree  
 He did adopt us to the world he did decree  
 For if a pregnant woman for you bear,  
 Unto the Child which she should bring she'll bear  
 Her fruit unfear'd, the child she'll bear from all her fear  
 What will he do for her, who in his love is true  
 So if God lov'd us, he'll be true to us  
 Much more when lov'd, and for himself he'll care  
 Now in the rareness of his special grace  
 The fewer number have the higher place  
 The greater is his bounty and his plenty  
 Upheapt with mercies when the most are plenty  
 These graces chiefly they depend on our  
 Our reconciliation Jesus made alone  
 He is the Conduit pipe by which do flow  
 All graces on the dwellers here below  
 It's Jacob's Ladder, which to Heaven ascends  
 Of enemies 'gainst God he makes no friends  
 The Angels which ascend and do descend  
 (This Scale) our prayer, God's blessings do portend  
 Jacob his sleeping at the Ladder foot  
 Our Conscience and a holy rock do set  
 Under the shade of Christ's most precious blood  
 Doth satisfy all our sins and our need  
 For ere that time that what he'll do for us  
 Man turn'd to stone his heart was made  
 If upon God he was consuming fire  
 Arm'd against sinners with consideration  
 If on the Law he was God's indignation  
 In the sheep's clothing of his condemnation  
 If on the Heavens with horror he could say  
 Thence I'm debar'd in that I was away

II

B3

II

If on the world, he saw himself descend  
 Of rule o're Creatures, he before possesse  
 If on himself, he saw himself descend  
 Thousands exalted, and Spirits thus possess'd  
 By signes of his power, and Earth's great Lord  
 Approaching vengeance, and his wrath's great Lord  
 Then Satan, death, that deep abyss of Hell  
 Frights him, which pain the tollens tongue can tell  
 But now all glory which look upon their faces  
 With confidence, behold him who over all is  
 If he behold his God, he will be thus  
 Who him adores in Church, and in his Spirit  
 If on the Judgment, he will see his eye  
 His Elder Brothers sit in Majesty  
 As Judge and Advocate upon the Throne  
 Hee'll say, more than I can say, he will be thus  
 If he think on the things he will be thus  
 These keep me, and defend me from all ill  
 If on the Heav'n he will be thus  
 He will conclude it is my Father's will  
 If of the Thunder he will hear the noise  
 He will confesse it is his Father's will  
 If he behold the Angels which are thus  
 He will confesse it is his Father's will  
 If he on earth have wealth and land  
 Hee'll say in glory he shall have more  
 If with adversity he will be thus  
 Hee'll say, Christ suffer'd more upon the Cross  
 If he think on the Devil's Death  
 Saint Paul hath taught him how to be thus  
 Where is thy sting, O death, thou shalt be thus  
 O grave, where is thy force, thou shalt be thus  
 Our God be praised, and his name glorified  
 Who made us triumph through Christ our Lord  
 If these like angels will be thus  
 Their sting is lost, we need not be thus

If the old Serpent he do prick our Heel,  
 Christ bruiseth his head, not angling we can feel  
 Unto the love of God, these obligations  
 Are common to the fainfull of all Nations.  
 If each look back upon his time that's gone,  
 I dare well say of all there is not one  
 But grants, besides the gift that God doth bestow,  
 Yet private mercies, unto his o'reflow.  
 Freedom from danger, being at despair,  
 Good chances evidence Gods love and care.  
 Gainfull afflictions, purposes are true,  
 Turn to our good, when in the world we're true.  
 Shall it be said, Gods blessings are unkind,  
 Make us not fruitfull, but fruitless and blind,  
 While we do say, God such is good for this,  
 That we should love him, is no needful bliss.  
 But here's the cause, in that he would us save,  
 He wills our love, lest that he would have  
 Besides, if we love him, he'll do us good,  
 This love he kindles our affections good.  
 This love's first step, though holy, fit for use,  
 It but begins, to Heavenward doth us use.  
 For he that loves his God, he'll for himself  
 Is like to boyes, that pray to break their fast;  
 But such a love no further doth extend,  
 He wrongs his God, and wages makes his end.  
 If love of God is enough but profit him,  
 Then above God we strive to build the same,  
 And make our interest more excellent.  
 Then God's high service for ourselves we seek,  
 Let him that's come unto this first gradation  
 Of love, and stand still on this step and station,  
 Know that it's much that God in us doth pardon,  
 If that his wrath our self-love do not regard;  
 Wherefore let us advance and move more higher,  
 So to the second step we shall aspire.

If the old serpent he do prick our Heel,  
 The second degree is to let him prick his heels in  
 Yea private mercies, and his clemency,  
 Freed us from bondage, and good chances  
 Good chances, and good chances, and good chances,  
 Turn to our good, when he is prick'd,  
 Shall it be said, God is not faithful,  
 Make us not faithful, and his clemency,  
 Sans hope of gain, and his clemency,  
 Saving to love him, and his clemency,  
 Of this love, David is the witness,  
 Saying, let all that love him, and his clemency,  
 He will our love, and his clemency,  
 Besides, if we love him, and his clemency,  
 Because he is, and his clemency,  
 This love his, and his clemency,  
 Wife in his, and his clemency,  
 True in his, and his clemency,  
 Inhabit glory, and his clemency,  
 For he that loves him, and his clemency,  
 To which no man is like, and his clemency,  
 Is like to possess him, and his clemency,  
 But such a love, and his clemency,  
 He won't give, and his clemency,  
 Whose life, without him, and his clemency,  
 It is of God, and his clemency,  
 Then above, and his clemency,  
 And make our interest, and his clemency,  
 Then God high, and his clemency,  
 His power, and his clemency,  
 The great Presence, and his clemency,  
 Who by his word, and his clemency,  
 And by his sign, and his clemency,  
 And by his will, and his clemency,  
 When he is pleas'd, and his clemency,

**O**F love to God, this is the word,  
 Sold to love him with his word,  
 'Tis not for profit, nor for worldly gain,  
 It is to love him, and his word,  
 To wit, all gains, and his word,  
 Of benefits, and his word,  
 Sans hope of gain, and his word,  
 Saving to love him, and his word,  
 Of this love, David is the witness,  
 Saying, let all that love him, and his word,  
 He will our love, and his word,  
 Besides, if we love him, and his word,  
 Because he is, and his word,  
 This love his, and his word,  
 Wife in his, and his word,  
 True in his, and his word,  
 Inhabit glory, and his word,  
 For he that loves him, and his word,  
 To which no man is like, and his word,  
 Is like to possess him, and his word,  
 But such a love, and his word,  
 He won't give, and his word,  
 Whose life, without him, and his word,  
 It is of God, and his word,  
 Then above, and his word,  
 And make our interest, and his word,  
 Then God high, and his word,  
 His power, and his word,  
 The great Presence, and his word,  
 Who by his word, and his word,  
 And by his sign, and his word,  
 And by his will, and his word,  
 When he is pleas'd, and his word,

Who in one vertue and perfection he  
Includes all vertue which in Creatures be;  
For these great loves so beneficially,  
So ought our love to be reciprocal.  
Christ taught us in his prayer which he did frame,  
First, to demand the Hallowing of his name,  
And that his Kingdome to us might appear,  
Ere we petition him for profit here.  
A love that so possess the spirit of *Paul*,  
And *Moses* also, that neglecting all  
Their hope of blisse, they wished to be blotted  
Out of lifes book, and for their doom allotted  
The curse of God from his presence to abide,  
Rather then he should not be glorified.  
Wherefore to plant in us this supream love,  
Our knowing God hereto much may us move,  
It shall stand need so far as we are able  
To know Gods essence, why so amiable.  
Beauty is that by nature all affect,  
Now light on beauty doth the most reflect,  
Without which light all beauties want their rayes,  
Are but deformities, as nights to dayes.  
And for this cause when God first set his hand  
To the Creation of this earths vast strand,  
In the begining first he made the light,  
Which him resembled, therein did delight.  
He is that Sun of Justice doth not set,  
Never o'reshaded his pure light to let,  
Which doth not onely to the eyes give light,  
But also to our eyes he giveth sight.  
Guesse at the brightnesse of the King of Kings,  
Whero Angels vail their faces with their wings,  
Whose eyes are dazzled 'fore the glorious Throne,  
Where his Majestick brightnesse on them shone.  
If at the sight of Christs humanity,  
The nat'rall Sun as then shall dark'ned be

As some dark light when brighter doth appear,  
 His light Divine must needs be much more clear.  
 If on the life of God we contemplate,  
 Ours is as dust and dung, so vile of rate,  
 Mans life's a fluxe, and hath of parts succession,  
 But God at once hath all his in possession.  
 He who desires comparingly to know  
 Gods life from Mans, as Sea doth ebbe and flow,  
 The Sea with some small Brook he may compare,  
 At so great distance differently they are.  
 The Sea is very great, the Brook but small,  
 Seas keep their bounds, but Brooks keep none at all;  
 The Sea is owner of her floods in store,  
 The Brookes have none but from the Seas before:  
 Gods life and mans are semblant in such sort,  
 God's infinite, Man's as a moment short:  
 His life consisteth doubtlesly in rest,  
 And all at once is instantly possesst.  
 God's all in all, his life depends on none,  
 Our life, our all is from our God alone,  
 Earth as it was before doth earch become,  
 The Spirit Gods giveth him returneth home.  
 Gods knowledge is a plot that's so profound,  
 That humane reason cannot reach nor sound;  
 God knowes all things, ev'n such as yet are not,  
 Past, present, and to come, he all doth note.  
 We things alternately do here espie,  
 But God seeth all at once with his clear eye.  
 We see things present, why? because they be,  
 But why things are, is God that doth them see:  
 For God to see it, is, as if to will,  
 His wil's to do, all this he doth fulfill.  
 Here for to know things wethem look upon,  
 But God to know things views himself alone,  
 Because God's absolute and perfect wise,  
 All Modells are transparent to his eyes.

And

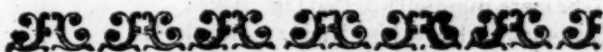
And in his will, as Judge he doth decrees,  
 And sentence every chance what he shall see.  
 His holiness it ought to be admired;  
 The Saints and Angels have not like acquired:  
 Ev'n as Gods Word, the highest Heav'n doth call,  
 The Heav'n of Heav'ns, for it incloseth all,  
 Others Inferior and of lesse degree,  
 Within the highest that included be.  
 So God is nam'd by proper appellation,  
 Holy of holies, in his heav'nly station.  
 Of Creatures holiness a quality is all,  
 But God is sanctity it self substantially,  
 God's self is holy, are men or Angels?  
 If they prove Saints, 'tis cause God makes them so.  
 Justice 'twixt God and Men we ought to know,  
 Men are deem'd just, because just things they do,  
 Contrarily is God they are just things,  
 Being done by him on whom all justice hangs.  
 Wherefore hee's just for this, no other cause,  
 Working his will prescribed in his Lawes:  
 Which in his Mandates us he sets before,  
 Still to obey, observe for evermore.  
 And to our minds he doth the same impart,  
 And it engraves within our hidden heart,  
 He loveth justice, truth, and equity,  
 He hates the workers of iniquity:  
 He rootes out liars, and the men doth hate,  
 That thirst for blood, he doth abominate  
 Of his great goodnesse what ought we to say,  
 Which loves them, hate him, and do go astray:  
 By which upon the just and wicked crew,  
 Daily his Sun doth shine and still renew,  
 By which he powrs his blessings down in rain  
 Into their mouthes, which do blaspheme his Name,  
 In chief this goodnesse that's so infinite,  
 Shines in his Sonne, his onely dear delight:



This Sonne before all time he did beget,  
 Eternally he him begotten yet;  
 Sonne of his Father, yet of equall date,  
 Both infinite, and both interminate,  
 Eternall wisdom, word essentiall,  
 God everlastingly beatificall.  
 This Sonne whom *Esay* calls the eternall Father,  
 Would make himself the Son of man the rather,  
 That we might be Gods children, not forlorn,  
 He was content in Stable to be born,  
 That we might have of Heav'n the full fruition,  
 'Mongst beasts was born in poor and low condition.  
 He who erst was, and is of life the bread,  
 Did suffer hunger, that we might be fed:  
 He who's the Well of life, he did not shrink  
 To thirst himself, that we might freely drink.  
 He who is life it self was pleas'd to dye,  
 That we might live, and that eternally.  
 All this for Creatures vile which did rebell,  
 That he might free them from the jaws of hell:  
 These are the depths of grace, no bottome hath,  
 We understand not, we must reach by faith.  
 These recreate our hearts, cause admiration,  
 Likewise no lesse, adds to our consolation.  
 Here are the highest Tests can be exprest  
 Of Gods great love to man so manifest,  
 The riches of that grace Angels admir'd,  
 To pry into have earnestly desir'd.  
 Now to what end may all these sayings move us,  
 But to love God, who did so greatly love us;  
 And to admire the treasures of his grace,  
 With such like joy as Saints that see his face.  
 O God since that thy greatnesse hath no end,  
 Which dust and ashes cannot comprehend,  
 Thy bounties boundlesse past imagination,  
 Our Spirits are stopped with this contemplation.



Our words much lower are then is our mind,  
 Our thoughts beneath the truth are still confin'd:  
 Of this Gods greatnesse speak we stammeringly,  
 Our praises thee abase and villifie.  
 We draw the picture of the Sun most bright,  
 With a black Coal, the Embleme of the night;  
 O God raise up our Spirits, and Souls to thee,  
 And if our knowledge shall too feeble be,  
 Inflame our love with such an ardent zeal,  
 As thy pure Word is pleased to reveal.  
 Thou pleas'd to be our Father by dilection,  
 O touch our hearts with filliall affection;  
 Thou that dost daily give us apt occasion  
 Of loving thee, addist our inclination.  
 Though we be poor, in means incapable,  
 Thou only canst make us most acceptable.  
 All these and many more considerations  
 Ingage our love by numerous obligations;  
 These raise our Spirits, not for our selves (to love,  
 This God) but for his sake it doth us move.  
 Our God he duplicates this word, it's I, it's I,  
 For mine own sake, saith, sinners shall not dye;  
 His Church he doth resemble to a flock,  
 Which bears his name, and his peculiar stock,  
 He safely guards her, both by night and day,  
 Least she to Sathan should become a prey.



*The third degree is, not onely to love God above all things,  
 and more then our selves, but also not to love any thing  
 in the world but for Gods love.*

**T**He third degree it is our God to love,  
 As both in Heav'n and Earth, all things above,  
 And

And in this world what ere our God did make,  
 Nought must we love but onely for his sake.  
 This world hath many objects, that we find  
 From loving them we cannot stay our mind:  
 Yea, on account it would be reckoned ill,  
 If we should not hold on to love them still.  
 A Father loves his Children, and a wife  
 She loves her husband dearly as her life.  
 Our allies, neighbours, and our next of kinne,  
 They ought to share, and have a part therein.  
 So man may love his Study, House and Health,  
 Yea, and with all his justly gotten wealth;  
 Of these who tends a man to dispossesse,  
 'Twere Barb'rous doctrine wisdom will confesse.  
 The sacred Scriptures us this truth doth tell,  
 Who starves his house hee's worse then's Infidell;  
 For pietie doth not eradicate  
 These good affections, but agricolate,  
 And of imperious Mistresses they were,  
 Makes them but handmaids to Gods love and fear:  
 No more then *Joshua* would the Gibeonites kill,  
 But them subjected for to do Gods will.  
 For then a Father doth his Children love,  
 Bringing them up that they fair Plants may prove,  
 Which in good time may bud, and fructifie,  
 Gods glorious house to garnish and supplie;  
 If so remembring he their Father is,  
 To be more mindfull still that God is his;  
 Then man doth love his friends as is required,  
 When they love God, the most to be desired.  
 So to this end we do not health affect,  
 Because its pleasant, painlesse in effect;  
 But rather makes us vigorous to attend  
 Our high vocation, thats it's proper end.  
 In like sort knowledge, honour we may love,  
 So that their love from God doth not remove

Our mindes, but rather us the more incite  
 Unto good works, therein to take delight.  
 And as there is not any Brook so small,  
 But in the Ocean at the last doth fall;  
 So let Gods goodnesse, though but small in shew,  
 Induce our thoughts his goodnesse to pursue.  
 Briefly, our lives and neighbourly affections  
 Shall well be squared out by these directions.  
 When of Gods love they be both Brooks and Branches,  
 Our sights reflection on Gods image glances.  
 Love not the person for his Garments gay,  
 But inside vertues which his worth bewray:  
 If yee advance a man for honours sake,  
 And notice else of him you none can take,  
 Yee are mistaken, erre egregiously,  
 That by bare titles yee him dignify;  
 Which things when as they are from him bereft,  
 There's nothing lovely in this person left:  
 Ev'n as a Horse that bears an Idol pack,  
 He hath no reverence when 'tis of his Back.  
 Contrariwise, if you a man shall love,  
 'Cause he beleevs and fears his God above.  
 Read in Gods Law, & speak the truth addrest,  
 Just in his acts, reliever the poor afflicted,  
 Burning with zeal of Gods own habitation,  
 Such sort to love you'l never want occasion.  
 If honour, goods, or life from him's bereft,  
 His pristine, precious vertues still are left:  
 And that rare excellence doth still inherit,  
 Rests in Gods image given by his Spirit.  
 I know the secrets of mans hidden heart,  
 To none but God are open and apart,  
 And often times those friends we vertuous deem;  
 Do vicious prove, though otherwise they seem.  
 For he that loves his God should reprehend,  
 And if he can he should reforme his friend;

Flattery hath ta'ne away from friendship true,  
 All's treams, save by reproach for to pursue.  
 To chide ones friend, who ere shall be afraid,  
 'Tis crueltie, for so the wise hath said:  
 As when hee near to drowning thou shouldst fear  
 To save his life, by renting of his hair.  
 As Moses rod (whilesuch) as rod he used,  
 But turning Serpent, then the same refused.  
 Such as the Brain isto the strong tough Nerves,  
 And veins from out the Liver life preserves.  
 And as the Heart isto the Arteries,  
 Such is Gods love to mens Societies.  
 That is, they are but points, which do depend  
 On God their Center, Alpha, and their end;  
 This love Divine unlesse it be therein,  
 Friendships no friendship, at the best 'tis sin,  
 A conspiracy, and a joynt accord  
 To disagree with God the Sovereign Lord:  
 Friendships thats fixt on pleasure, or on gain,  
 Do loose their tast, as these do ebbe or wain,  
 But friendships grounded on that firm foundation,  
 The love of God, do alwaies hold their station,  
 Which love ought to advance it self so high  
 As friends and foes, shall have a share thereby,  
 Because amongst these enmities it's clear,  
 Some marks of Godscwn Image yet appears;  
 For that like Rodds, God holds them in his hand,  
 Us to correct, and be at his command.



*The fourth degree is to hate our selves for Gods sake.*

**I**N this ascension we must climb yet higher,  
 For God, to hate our selves, we must aspire;  
 As there's no love more strong more naturall,  
 Then is that love, the which self-love we call:  
 So it's that love, which breeds resistance still,  
 To be subdu'd, doth alwayes crosse our will.  
 Such as our Shirt is, which we put off last,  
 So self-affections cleaves to us full fast:  
 A combat great by force we here must fight,  
 Against the roaring Lyon much of might:  
 It's Sathans last intrenchment and his stay,  
 From whence Gods power must drive the Fiend away.  
 None loves God truly, as it is his due,  
 Hates not his nature, it's desires eschew;  
 Against these Rebels doth not daily fight,  
 Untill these mortall foes he put to flight.  
 Being desirous with firm resolution  
 To end this warre by death, and dissolution,  
 And of his blood here to be prodigall,  
 So that Gods glory suffer not at all;  
 And of this body to waxe wondrous weary,  
 As the poor Captives long in prison tarry.  
 Like to the prisoner looking though the Grate,  
 Longs for enlargement by his liberate.  
 Look not for our let at the prison gate,  
 But for your freedom when tis ruinate.  
 He with himself holds warre and doth not cease,  
 He with his God shall have perpetuall peace;

He

He that himself doth not assume to pardon,  
 God him remits, with his free grace for guerdon,  
 He that desires life, the same doth hate,  
 Shall save his life, bought with a precious rate.  
 We're on the fourth degree, or step of love,  
 The highest in this life, we heav'nward move;  
 'Twas this degree enforced Paul to cry,  
 Ah, who shall free me from this misery?  
 Who shall deliver me, whiles I have breath,  
 From this bigger burden, body of this death?  
 Of love it was this step, or this degree,  
 Which caused David in his Sovereignty,  
 ( Having quite quell'd his foes and them suppress'd,  
 With wealth and honour dignified, possess'd, )  
 Confesse himself a stranger here to be,  
 Waifaring through the vale of misery.  
 In that our Martyrs sufferings were approved,  
 'Twas God they lov'd, and were of him beloved:  
 Bodies of brasse, and muscles arm'd with steel,  
 They did not wear, but had the sence to feel,  
 For fire and sword, no rackings ought could pain them,  
 God in their suffering did all times sustain them,  
 If their thus suffering cause no reformation,  
 Then doubtlesse they'll serve for condemnation,  
 Those that to this degree of love attain,  
 A hard, sharp conflict they must all sustain.  
 Our flesh is mutinous, and doth rebell,  
 Rooted in evill, hard for to expell:  
 It hand or foot, or member that's most dear,  
 Dismember them, if vicious they appear.  
 Victorious are we after bonds and thrall,  
 But we must wrestle though we catch a fall.  
 As in a crosse-way man li' set to stand,  
 Sometimes the spirit then flesh gets upper hand,  
 Between the love of God and worldly love,  
 Some strange suggestions do him try and prove.

How.

How oft is it after Gods love prevailed,  
 By fresh assaults the faithfull are assailed;  
 And the flesh forces the Spirit do with stand,  
 Against Gods fear, and love themselves, do band.  
 The faithfull being by these appetites,  
 Beter, with lusts, and such like lewd delights,  
 Shall feel this love of God within his heart;  
 Thus speaking, Man, whence is it thou dost start?  
 O wretched man, whether now wilt thou go,  
 Doth not God see't, thy inclination know?  
 Despisest thou his menace and his frown?  
 Rejectest thou his promises to own?  
 Forgettest thou thy honoured high vocation?  
 Dares thou provoke Gods Spirit to indignation?  
 Why shouldst thou on his Church a scandal bring,  
 Since Christ thereof is Sovereign, Lord, and King?  
 Where are the promises which thou hast made him  
 For gifts receiv'd? as yet thou hast not paid him.  
 Is this the way to Heaven thou dost devise?  
 And being fall'n, art thou assured to rise?  
 And for short pleasures which have lost their taste,  
 Thy peace of Conscience must it be displac'd?  
 For pottage wilt thou of thy right bereave  
 Thy self, and vainly so thy birth-right leave?  
 At these suggestions wilt the faithfull stay,  
 Crosse his desires, and let them bear no sway.  
 But all's not done, our frailties yet not quelled,  
 Nor froward flesh which hath so long rebelled.  
 For after these our holy resolutions,  
 We have great dulnesse, causing diminutions:  
 And then the Divell doth espy occasion,  
 Makes a fresh onser, by a re-invasion.  
 If we be idle, use bad company,  
 Neglecting pray'r, or duties else of piety:  
 Then our desires do rouse themselves again,  
 The Flesh and Spirit for mastery strive again:

D a

Which



Which makes the faithfull in this restless life, do wofull  
 Desire his death, and a weary of his life,  
 O wretched nature, it selfs enemy,  
 Destroyes it self pursuing misery:  
 O thou corruption that takes root so deep,  
 O mutinous sedition, that doth keep  
 In us hostility, and doth not slack,  
 But us as Slaves to Egypt would bring back,  
 Whereh like *Lars* wife, lookes back with her desire  
 On sinfull *Sodom*, flaming all with fire,  
 If we have thoughts, that fixed are on death,  
 Our flesh will whisper, we may yet long breathe  
 If we shall hear or read Gods sacred Word,  
 Threatning our ruine by his glittering sword:  
 It soothes us up, and doth us so perswade  
 VVe are secure, to others it is said.  
 If we Heav'ns glory shall recount, consider,  
 It will suggest, we shall come early thither.  
 If thou incited be to help the poor,  
 It doth suggest, it will impair thy store.  
 If thy friends frailty thou wouldst reprehend,  
 'Twill over-aw thee lest thou him offend.  
 Each good affection hath ev'n as it were  
 Like to a Pot, on either side an ear,  
 By which the world and flesh sake hold upon,  
 Striving to lett the execution,  
*Rebecka's* steps we next must imitate,  
 VVho, great with Child, her God did supplicate,  
 VVho instantly resolved her request,  
 Two striving Twinn, they did her Womb molest:  
 A lively figure, not so old as time,  
 Of man, it represents the old and new:  
 The old, man's oarnall by corrupted nature,  
 The other new, is the regenerate Creature,  
 As in a conflict both do daily strive,  
 And are at odds so long as wee're alive.



Unto Rebekah's suit God did decree,  
The old unto the young should subject be  
The flesh unto the spirit must be subjected,  
And by that means shall be of God accepted.



The first degree is that wherewith we shall love God  
In the life to come.

**N**OW here remains the last and chief degree,  
This highest step is Heav'n's felicity,  
VVhich is the love wherewith at last we shall  
Love God in's glory that's Cœlestiall.  
For we love things by nature here below,  
According as by science we them know:  
VVe therefore shall God love much better then,  
VVith love of Saints, and not as mortall men.  
Now (asth' Apostle saith) we know in part,  
But then revealed, open, and apart:  
As in a Glasse we see, but here obscurely,  
But then perspicuously, as Christall purely,  
VVhen hein glory shall consummate grace,  
Then shall we see as it were face to face.  
Our love which here distractedly doth stand,  
And sees farr off, shall then see near at hand:  
Our love on God shall opely fixed be  
Being the object of felicity.  
As when two swelling Rivers proud and high,  
Encountering each other furiously,  
They joyn in force, and by their strong invasion  
Do make a marvellous flood, and inundation,  
So that the love of God and self-affection  
Are like two Streams on earth, have no connexion,

Which no where else henceforth shall have their meetings, all  
 'Till they in Heav'n each other give the greeting,  
 When these affections twain shall be commixt,  
 And in one love are fast and firmly fixt,  
 For then in loving God our selves may love,  
 Because that league God doubtlesse will approve,  
 And dwell in us where he delights to dwell,  
 Resembling him whose worth no tongue can tell.  
 For Saints and Angels they undoubtedly  
 Do love themselves with ardent fervency.  
 Let us forbear to love (untill that time)  
 Our selves, or ought in us doth not incline  
 Our hearts, and make them hopefull of this love,  
 Which is eterniz'd in the Heav'n as above.  
 But now for that this love, where with we shall  
 Love God in Heav'n, is supernaturall,  
 Springs from the view, and lovely contemplation  
 Of his own face, beyond all admiration.  
 Love is not kindled off but by the sight,  
 Let's learn what sight this is brings this delight.  
 Our bodies eyes two wayes discern and see,  
 Or apprehending what the image be;  
 For so the bodies to our view exposed,  
 They are apparent, visibly disclosed.  
 Or by in-letting to our naturall sight  
 The thing we see, which truly is the light,  
 So do we see the day, no other wise,  
 Then that it daily enters in our eyes:  
 Now God that is the chief supremest sight,  
 In's glory will shew souls that hee's most bright;  
 For in his Saints he keeps his habitation,  
 And's in them all in all without cessation.  
 But in this life we in his works behold  
 His wondrous workmanship so manifold,  
 In which he made such a glorious impression,  
 As't were his verus Picture, past expression.

Therefore

Therefore as now we see the nat'rall light,  
 Then shall we see our God with such a light.  
 But now we see it not but with these eyes,  
 The bodies windowes, and no otherwise.  
 For then the light of God through all our parts  
 We shall receive, which holifies our hearts,  
 Ev'n as a man were only eye throughout,  
 As he should see at once things round about.  
 This sight of God it will assuredly  
 Transform us, like himself, in puritie,  
 For as a mirror by the Suns reflection,  
 Shines like the same in cleareness sans defection:  
 For God receiveth none to contemplate  
 His face, save those are in Celestiall estate:  
 He doth transform them, that the semblant prove:  
 Like to himself, irradiate in love.  
 As God himself is perfect love and charity,  
 It man behoves to imitate his paritie;  
 Upon this view and heavenly radiation,  
 Should be inflam'd with loves association,  
 And burn with heat of this hot spirit's all fire;  
 Whose ardeney the Saints in light acquire.  
 A fire which to the Seraphims gives name,  
 So call'd because their ardour aye inflames:  
 The summe of all is their officious love,  
 Their fervent zeal their service to improve.  
 Here these degrees and steps of love must end,  
 For higher Heav'n-ward we cannot ascend:  
 Of *Jacobs* ladder this step is the last,  
 By which we mount where speechlesse joyes are plac'd.

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FINIS.

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